Mrs. Virginia Durr
3225 ? Colverdale Rd.
Montgomery, Ala. 36106

10/10/86

Dear Virginia,

Thanks for your card. I'd forgotten I'd written you. But when we saw you on TV we realized how kind the years have been to you, I hope this was no illusion. And the ? in the address is because the cancellation was over it.

Because I do not recall what I wrote, I'm writing because of something that may interest you, what I think you have no reason to know anything about, my work on the King assassination. If you want more information, if this is of interest, please let me know. I'm considerably limited in what I can do because of complications following successful surgeries, am supposed to spend five hours a day in two kinds of therapy, walking and reclining, and at the moment I'm pro se in a precedent lawsuit.

I've gotten a fair percentage of the FBI's King assassination records and I did my own investigation before that. As a result I've solid proof that the crime was not solved, that the FBI not only knew this but intended it. This does not mean and I do not believe that the FBI was involved in it. I've not been able to finish the book first, because of ongoing litigation, which might make substantial changes in it, and more recently because I'm not able to stand in front of file cabinents and these files are in the basement, and I can't handle steps often or well. So, if you know, as you once knew, young people who are concerned and of principle, if I cannot finish this book I'd like to know who might want to. I've a pretty decent separate subject file in my small office but I was not able to make all the copies required when I read those records and I've not been able to find a local gofer among local students. What I have should, at the very least, turn that whole thing around. It will not solve the crime but it can point. That such a man, at that point in his great life, could be assassinated and the government would cover it up is in itself, I think, important. It is a helluva story on the FBI and DJ, particularly with the opposition to my FOIA litigation on it. I filed that suit in 1975 and it is still in court. I think this gives you an idea of the vigor at least of their opposition.

In the other FOIA suits in which I'm pro se, they created a conflict of interest in their dirty works. This is what leaves me without counsel and without the capability of seeking counsel. I've got that case reduced, because I'm not afraid of retaliation, as lawyers would be, to undenied and well-proven charges of perjury, fraud and misrepresentation by the government to procure a money judgement against me, without precedent in freedom of information litigation. Because of the precedents, I regret very much that a nonlawyer is handling it. I can't expect to do as well as a lawyer could and the courts are already "eaganized. If you know a young and unafraid DC lawyer, please let me know.

If you did not hear, Luke Wilson died about a year ago. Of the others, the only one I've been in touch with in recent years is a dear freind, Sol Rabkin, partly retired, living in New York and presently in China with his wife. Many of the still living committee staffers got together a little over a year ago at a memorial for Charlie Flato, aka The Flatch, on Cape Cod, where he'd lived.

A footnatote that may amuse you: When the Hollywood Ten were before the House UnAmericans there came a knock on our dooor one night. It was Charlie Kramer. I suppose he knew that I had been working on a book on those UnAmericans, with some research success. He introduced his companion as Edward Dmytryk, one of t e Ten. Could I help? Anything you want, I said, and, with the promise of return, they did help themselves, to all my bound books of clippings and my copies of all that committee's expenditures. In those days before xeroxing I'd had three typists making copies for three weeks in the clerk's office. None of this or anything else was returned. It turned out that Dmytryk was the fink. So, I guess the FBI has all of that.

All our best,